

CORDER OF

Choir Service

CUSED IN

St. Paul's Cathedral,

LONDON, ONT.

MRS. RAYMOND, - - - PRGANIST.

HYMN I.

Jesus Christ has risen to-day,—Alleluia! Our triumphant holy day;—Alleluia! Who did once upon the Cross—Alleluia! Suffer to redeem our loss.—Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing—Alleluia! Unto Christ, our heavenly King;—Alleluia! Who endured the cross and grave,—Alleluia! Sinners to redeem and save.—Alleluia!

But the pains which He endur'd—Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;—Alleluia!
Now above the skies He's king,—Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing—Alleluia! Amen!

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"CHRIST, OUR PASSOVER." (sung in place of "Venite").....Humphrey PSALMS, 2, 57, 111. Gregorian

ANTHEM

Navlor.

If ye then be ris'n with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Colosians, 3 c., 1-4 v.

HYMN 2.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! The strife is o'er, the battle done; The triumph of the Lord is won; O let the song of praise be sung .- Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst, And Jesus has his foes dispersed; Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.—Alleluia!

On that third mora he rose again In glorious Majesty to reign; O let us swell the joyful strain.—Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high portals fell; Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.—Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee, From death's dread sting thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee. -Alleluia! Amen!

Doxologies....

HYMN 3.

Jesus lives: no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appal us: Jesus lives: by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us. Alleluia!

Jesus lives: henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!

Jesus lives: for us he died; Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!

Jesus lives: our hearts know well Nought from us his love shall sever; Life, nor death, nor powers of hell Tear us from his keeping ever. Alleluia !

Jesus lives: to him the throne Over all the world is given; May we go where he is gone, Rest and reign with him in heaven. Alleluia! Amen.

Evening Service.

HYMN T.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness; God bas brought His Israel Into joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters Led them with unmoistened foot Through the Red Sea waters. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst His prison; And from three days sleep in death As a sun hath risen: All the winter of our sins, Long and dark, is flying From His Light, to Whom we give Laud and praise undying. Now the Queen of seasons, bright With the Day of splendour, With the royal Feast of feasts, Comes its joy to render, Comes to glad Jerusalem, Who with true affection Welcomes in unwearied strains JESU'S Resurrection. Alleluia new we cry To our King Immortal, Who triumphant burst the bars Of the tomb's dark portal; Alleluia, with the Son God the Father praising; Alleluia yet again

Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

MAGNIFICAT AND NUNC DIMITIIS.

on

Ebdon

ANTHEM

Allen.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For, as in Adam, all die, even so, in Christ, shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Behold I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, (for the trumpet shall sound), and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. Alleluia!

HYMN 2.

Head of the church triumphant
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation,

While in affliction's furnace, And passing through the fire, Thy love we praise
In grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher; We clap our hands, exulting In thine almighty favour; The love divine That made us thine Shall keep us thine for ever. Thou dost conduct thy people Through torrents of temptation; Nor will we fear, While thou art near, The fire of tribulation; The world, with sin and Satan, In vain our march opposes, By thee we shall Break through them all, And sing the song of Moses. By faith we see the glory To which thou shalt restore us, The world despise, For that high prize Which thou hast set before us; And, if thou count us worthy, We each, with dying Stephen, Shall see thee stand At God's right hand, To call us up to heaven.

HYMN 3.

Father, by thy love and power Comes again the evening hour : Light has vanish'd, labours cease, Weary creatures rest in peace; Thou, whose genial dews distil On the lowliest weed that grows, Father, guard our couch from ill, Grant thy children sweet repose: We to thee ourselves resign, Let our latest thoughts be thine. Saviour, to thy Father bear This our feeble evening prayer: Thou hast seen how oft to-day We like sheep have gone astray; Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride, Wishes to thy cross untrue, Secret thoughts and undescried Meet thy spirit-piercing view;

Blessed Saviour, yet through thee Pray that we may pardon'd be. Holy Spirit, breath of balm, Fall on us in evening's calm; Yet awhile, before we sleep, We with thee will vigils keep. Lead us on our sins to muse, Give us truest penitence; Then the love of God infuse, Breathing humble confidence

Melt our spirits, mould our will, Soften, strengthen, comfort still.